THE

ORDEAL.

N°. 19.] SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1809. [Vol. 1.

THE STAGE.

'A Play, which if it has a proper run, will do much to unhinge the present notions of men with regard to the obligations of civil society, and to substitute in lieu of a sober contentment and regular discharge of the duties incident to each man's particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance: and aspiration after shapeless somethings that can neither be described nor understood; a contemptuous disgust at all that *is*, and a persuasion that nothing is as it ought to be; to operate in short a general discharge of every man (in his own estimation) from every thing that laws divine or human, that local customs, immemorial habits, and multiplied examples impose upon him; and to set them about doing what they like, where they like, and how they like, without any reference to any law, but their own will, or to any consideration of, how others may be affected by their conduct.'

THE ROVERS;

OR,

THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIOR *of the* ABBEY *of* QUEDLINBURGH—*very corpulent and cruel.*

ROGERO—*a Prisoner in the Abbey, in love with* MATILDA POTTINGEN.

CASIMERE—*a Polish Emigrant, in Dembrowsky's Legion—married to* CECILIA, *but having several Children by* MATILDA.

PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON—*English Noblemen exiled by the Tyranny of* KING JOHN, *previous to the signature of Magna Charta.*

RODERIC, *Count of* SAXE WEIMAR—*a bloody Tyrant, with red hair and amorous complexion.*

GASPAR—*the Minister of the Count; Author of* ROGERO'S *Confinement.*

Young POTTINGEN—*Brother to* MATILDA.

MATILDA POTTINGEN—*in love with* ROGERO, *and Mother to* CASIMERE'S *Children.*

CECILIA MÜCKINFELDT—*Wife to* CASIMERE.

LANDLADY, WAITER, GRENADIERS, TROUBADOURS, *&c. &c.*

PANTALOWSKY *and* BRITCHINDA—*Children of* MATILDA *by* CASIMERE.

JOACHIM, JABEL, *and* AMARANTHA—*Children of* MATILDA *by* ROGERO.

Children of CASIMERE *and* CECILIA, *with their respective Nurses.*

Several Children; Fathers and Mothers unknown.

The Scene lies in the Town of WEIMAR, *and the Neighbourhood of the Abbey of* QUEDLINBURGH.

Time, from the 12th to the present Century.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE *represents a Room at an Inn, at* WEIMAR—*On one side of the Stage the Bar-room, with Jellies, Lemons in Nets, Syllabubs and part of a cold roast Fowl, &c.—On the opposite side, a Window looking into the Street, through which Persons (Inhabitants of* WEIMAR) *are seen passing to and fro in apparent agtiation—*MATILDA *appears in a Great Coat and Riding Habit, seated at the corner of the Dinner Table, which is covered with a clean Huckaback Cloth—Plates and Napkins, with Buck's-Horn-handled Knives and Forks, are laid as if for four Persons.**

MATILDA—Is it impossible that I can have dinner sooner?

LANDLADY—Madam, the *Brunswick* Post-Waggon is not yet come in, and the Ordinary is never before two o'clock.

MATILDA—(*With a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself).* Well, then, I must have patience—(*Exit* LANDLADY.) Oh CASIMERE!—How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation! What a difference, alas!—Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not!—It returns again with the return of appetite.—The Beef of to-morrow will succeed to the Mutton of to-day, as the Mutton of to-day succeeded to the Veal of yesterday.—But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by

* The ridiculous minuteness of stage description, begun by Schiller and Kotzebue, and adopted on the English theatre, by Mr. Monk Lewis, as he is called, and other Anglo-German dramatists, is very happily ridiculed in this account. In addition to the natural absurdity of this particularity, the German writers often desire that things should be indicated by the actor which are impossible to be expressed. Thus in Cabal and Love, by Schiller, we observe this kind of nonsense to be universally spread throughout every page; for example, 'Lady Milford, she just sets down to a harpsichord on one side of the room (on the other is a sofa) to play; *but finding herself too much unsettled* (without any indication by words) she rises. Sophy just coming from a window *which looks to a plain where there has been a review of the Prince's guards.*' Now all this is to be found out by the company, which though in itself impossible, would be of no consequence, even if it were taken for granted. Another instance is taken from a scene in which a gentleman is about to be carried to prison by a constable. '*Miller*—(Putting on *his hat* and taking down his *cane* that *hangs upon a nail* in the *corner of the room*).' All this must be confessed to be illustrative of very common circumstances of domestick economy, but we think it might very well be left to the actor; if however it was necessary to say that he took *his hat and cane* to go to prison with, we cannot perceive any reason why he should be told to put *his hat on*, that is natural enough, or why *the cane* should be so minutely *mentioned*, as to be described hanging *on a nail* in the *corner of the room.*

another. How easily are our desires transferred from Dish to Dish!—Love only, dear, delusive, delightful Love, restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification! . . . . . .*

Post-horn blows, Re-enter LANDLADY.

LANDLADY—Madam, the Post-waggon is just come in with only a single Gentlewoman.

MATILDA—Then shew her up—and let us have Dinner instantly (LANDLADY *going);* and remember—*(after a moment's recollection, and with great earnestness)*—remember the Toasted Cheese.† (*Exit* LAND.)

CECILIA *enters, in a brown cloth riding-dress, as if just alighted from the Post-waggon.*

MATILDA—Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

CECILIA—The way was dusty, Madam, but the weather was delightful.‡ It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my Soul.

MATILDA—*(Aside)*—Thank Heaven; I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own—(*to* CECILIA)—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded Harp. . . . . .

* One of the peculiarities of the German writers is to cause their characters to talk sentiment upon the most trifling occurrences of life, which only renders that ludicrous, which if it were introduced in a more dignfied manner, might be admitted without reluctance. This is rendered very evident on a careful perusal of any German play, The Stranger, Lover's Vows, Fiesco, The Robbers, &c. &c. But the worst of it is, that the sentiment thus pronounced, generally has a bad tendency. In 'Cabal and Love,' after her father had reproached Louisa for placing her affections upon a man much above her 'birth and scale;' he suggests that she shall never marry him. She proceeds thus, 'My dear father, talk not of reason, 'tis the foil of love,' but 'suppose that all my hopes shall be frustrated, *I had rather fix my whole soul in secret upon him alone*, than consent to an alliance with any other upon the earth; for let what will happen *(pointedly), we shall still meet*,' &c.

† It is remarkable on the German stage, that those things which are entirely indifferent to our happines in life, things which happen of course to every man, and which can neither promote, retard, nor add interest to a fable, are introduced with infinite display of affected sensibility by their dramatists. Thus it is natural to man to blow the nose, but no writer but a German would ever think it necessary to describe it at all, much less with pathos and apparent emotion. This tendency we think, well ridiculed at the passage which we have now noted.

‡ The same peculiarity is ridiculed here which we noticed in our second note.

CECILIA—The dawn of life—when this blossom—*(putting her hand upon her heart)*, first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of Love!

MATILDA—Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue, upon the yet unplucked plum!— . . . .

CECILIA—Your countenance grows animated, my dear Madam.

MATILDA—And your's too is glowing with illumination.

CECILIA—I had long been looking out for a congenial Spirit!—my heart was withered—but the beams of your's have re-kindled it.

MATILDA—A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.*

CECILIA—Let us agree to live together!

MATILDA—Willingly.—*(With rapidity and earnestness.)*

CECILIA—Let us embrace.—*(They embrace.)*

MATILDA—Yes; I too have lov'd!—You, too, like me, have been forsaken!—*(Doubtingly, and as if with a desire to be informed.)*

CECILIA—Too true!

BOTH—Ah these Men! These Men!

LANDLADY *enters, and places a Leg of Mutton on the Table, with Sour Krout and Prune Sauce—then a small Dish of Black Puddings.*—CECILIA *and* MATILDA *appear to take no notice of her.*

MATILDA—Oh CASIMERE!

CECILIA—*(Aside)*—CASIMERE! That name!—Oh my heart, how it is distracted with anxiety!

MATILDA—Heavens! Madam, you turn pale.

CECILIA—Nothing—a slight megrim—with your leave, I will retire—

MATILDA—I will attend you.—*(Exeunt* MATILDA *and* CECILIA. *Manent* LANDLADY *and* WAITER, *with the Dinner on the Table.)*

* The sympathy, which some writers bestow on the characters they describe, is truly astonishing. It is not peculiar to Kotzebue and Schiller, but to modern English novelists, and various other authors. There is a German play which we recollect to have seen, but to which we have not been able to have recourse very lately, in which a scene very similar to this, between Matilda and Cecilia, occurs, with the same expressions, in many instances.—We think it is Stella, where a gentleman lives very happily with two ladies, as the author of the Rovers remakrs,' very much resembling 'the *Thames* between his two Banks, in the Critick.'

LANDLADY—Have you carried the Dinner to the prisoner in the Vaults of the Abbey?

WAITER—Yes—Pease Soup, as usual, with the scrag end of a Neck of Mutton—The Emissary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large some of money, if I would consent to poison him.

LANDLADY—Which you refused? *(with hesitation and anxiety.)*

WAITER—Can you doubt it? *(with indignation.)**

LANDLADY—*(recovering herself and drawing up with an expression of dignity.)*—The conscience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a Prince . . . .

WAITER—It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

LANDLADY—Thou says't truly, JOB.

WAITER—*(with enthusiasm)*—He who can spurn at wealth when proffered as the price of crime, is greater than a Prince.

Post-horn blows—Enter CASIMERE *(in a travelling dress—a light blue great coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end; a large* KEVENHULLER *hat; a cane in his hand.)*

CASIMERE—Here, WAITER, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of slippers. *(Exit* WAITER*)*. And heark'ye, my Lad, a bason of water *(rubbing his hands)* and a bit of soap†—I have not washed since I began my journey.

* The confinement of some great personage in a dungeon, on whose existence the hinges of the plot are made to turn, seems a necessary comcomitant to a German drama; some inferiour agent, a low bred servant or peasant, is constituted his keeper, who however is made to have sentiments much more exalted and capacious than the tyrant who employs him. Thus Herman, in the Robbers, Kenrick, in the Castle Spectre, have so much humanity left that they make known the concealment of the Count de Moor, and Reginald, after having kept the secret for many years; and this from the impulses of their latent humanity. The sentiments of the landlady and waiter in the Rovers are a fair example of this mock dignity and heroick virtue. Let it not be understood that the intention of the author is to ridicule virtue in low bred persons generally; it is only applied to the authors, for personifying this kind of exalted sympathy, in characters who have no other than a poetical existence; and who in real life could not be expected to feel its power. The errour is in deducing a general principle from a particular instance.

† A ludicrous example of an introduction of circumstances which have no agency in promoting the progress of a fable, and which when mixed with serious contemplations, destroys their effect; and renders the whole ridiculous. Throughout the whole of this scene, these instances frequently occur. So in Cabal and Love, Ferdinand, after a rhapsody about the 'seraphick sweetness' of Louisa, asks her the great question on which his happiness or misery depends—'Didst thou write that letter?'

WAITER—*(answering from behind the door)*—Yes, Sir.

CASIMERE—Well, Landlady, what company are we to have?

LANDLADY—Only two Gentlewomen, Sir.—They are just stept into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

CASIMERE—Where do they come from?

(All this while the Waiter re-enters with the bason and water. CASIMERE *pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and washes his face and hands.)*

LANDLADY—There is one of them I think comes from *Nuremburgh.*

CASIMERE—*(aside).*—From *Nuremburgh*—*(with eagerness)*—Her name?

LANDLADY—MATILDA.

CASIMERE—*(aside).*—How does this idiot woman torment me!—What else?

LANDLADY—I can't recollect.

CASIMERE—Oh agony! *(In a paroxysm of agitation.)*

WAITER—See here—her name upon the travelling trunk—MATILDA POTTINGEN.

CASIMERE—Ecstacy! Ecstacy! *(embracing the* WAITER.*)*

LANDLADY—You seem to be acquainted with the Lady—shall I call her?

CASIMERE—Instantly—Instantly—Tell her—her lov'd, her long lost—Tell her—

LANDLADY—Shall I tell her Dinner is ready?

CASIMERE—Do so— in the mean while, I will look after my portmanteau. *(Exeunt severally.)*

SCENE *changes to a Subterraneous Vault in the Abbey of* QUEDLINBURGH; *with Coffins, 'Scutcheons, Death's Heads and Cross-bones.—Toads, and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the Stage.*—ROGERO *appears, in chains, in a Suit of rusty Armour, with his beard grown, and a Cap of a grotesque form upon his head. Beside him a Crock, or Pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance. A long silence, during which the*

Louisa—Then by the God of all—I did.

Ferdinand—Merciful Heavens!—*(Thunder struck and falling against the scenes.)*

In the next sentence he says, 'My head burns—Louisa! will you make me a glass of Lemonade?' Now, though this request ultimately is made to apply to the plot, yet so ludicrous is the request, that it cannot be read without a smile. Nothing can therefore be more improperly introduced.

wind is heard to whistle through the Caverns.—ROGERO *rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.*

Eleven years!* It is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living Sepulchre—The cruelty of a Minister—The perfidy of a Monk—Yes, MATILDA! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow men. Soft!—what have we here? (*stumbles over a bundle of sticks.*) This Cavern is so dark, that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh!—the register of my Captivity—Let me see, how stands the account? (*Takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation*)—Eleven years and fifteen days!—Hah—the twenty-eighth of August!—How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my MATILDA.—It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I pressed it to my bosom—Some Demon whispered me that I should never see her more.—I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away forever—The tears were petrified under my eye-lids.—My heart was crystallized with agony.—Anon—I looked along the road.—The Diligence seemed to diminish every instant.—I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it.—My soul whirled round, as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels.—A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust—it was the Emanation of Divinity, luminous with Love and Beauty—like the splendour of the setting Sun—but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk forever—Yes, here in the

* Our readers will readily recollect the various dungeon scenes which comprise so considerable a part of the merits of the German plays; the chains, the bundle of sticks, the 28th of August, the fatal day, the retrospective glance at previous prosperity, and the pathos of present desperation, are circumstances which very naturally arise, and of which almost every victim of tyrannical vengeance makes indiscriminate use. The song of Rogero is a fancy of the poet's, as is the full accompaniment of the violins from the orchestra. So in the Melo-Drama, the characters are obliged to wait for the musick to strike a chord in unison with the sensation to be produced, before the passion can be exhibited. And the actor is frequently obliged to give a signal to the leader of the band, by a wink, a motion, a stamp of the foot, that he may begin; as, 'now, sir, I am to be mad, let your instruments express *distraction*; now disappointed, let your violin indicate *disappointment*; now I wish to wash my hands, let your musick be expressive of *soap and water*,' &c.

depths of an eternal Dungeon—In the Nursing Cradle of Hell—The Suburbs of Perdition—In a nest of Demons, where Despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where Agony woos the embrace of Death; where Patience, beside the bottomless pool of Despondency, sits angling for Impossibilities—Yet even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her—Yes, MATILDA, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a Royal Palace, amidst the more loathsome Reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me—Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—while Fiends would envy the eternity of suffering Love. . . —. . . Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warbling—Again (*listens attentively for some minutes*)—Only the wind—It is well, however—It reminds me of that melancholy Air, which has so often solaced the hours of my Captivity—Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my Guitar—(*Takes his Guitar, tunes it, and begins the following Air, with a full accompaniment of Violins from the Orchestra.*)

(AIR—*Lanterna Magica.*)

SONG—BY ROGERO.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This Dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those Companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*,—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*. (*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds*—

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in?—
Alas! MATILDA *then* was true!—
At least I thought so at the U—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*. (*At the repetition of this Line* ROGERO *clanks his Chains in cadence.*)

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat Post-Waggon trotting in!

Ye bore MATILDA from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen.*

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—They were few
When first I enter'd at the U—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen.*

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet MATILDA POTTINGEN!
Thou wast the daughter of my TU-
—TOR, *Law Professor* at the U—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen.*

Sun, Moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That Kings and Priests are plotting in:
Here doom'd to starve on water-gru—
—el* never shall I see the U—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen!*—
—NIVERSITY of *Gottingen!*

(*During the last Stanza* ROGERO *dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his Prison; and finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The Curtain drops—The musick still continuing to play, till it is wholly fallen.*)

END OF ACT I.

POETRY.

THE following Verses, supposed to have been written by one of the authors of 'Salmagundi,' are copied from Godwin's Album, at Passaick Falls. The writers of Salmagundi certainly have much genius

* A manifest error—since it appears from the Waiter's conversation (P 293), that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on pease-soup; which is a much better thing. Poffibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory; or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate Gentleman's. PRINTER'S DEVIL.

and original wit. In the Monthly Mirror, however, (an English publication of extensive sale, arising only from its ample information in the theatrical department, the beauty of its engravings, and the neatness of its typographical execution : but viewed in any other light, a mere collection of vapid thought and ignorant observation) their miserable reviewers undertake to censure it very severely. Though Salmagundi evidently has faults, yet they certainly are not such as these reviewers seem to apprehend : and indeed, the judges at the tribunal of the Monthly Mirror, in presuming to pronounce sentence upon the literary crimes committed on this side of the Atlantick, act upon self-assumed authority, and in reality are deciding questions, over which they have no jurisdiction. 'As well,' says Pope, 'may you try a man in one country for offending the laws of another.' The truth is, the reviewers in the Monthly Mirror cannot justly estimate the merits of a composition, the wit and humour of which depend upon an acquaintance with circumstances far removed out of the circumference of their knowledge ; a composition, which really possesses more genuine though playful excellence, than an extraction of all the merit from all the original communications to the Monthly Mirror could produce, if taken from the beginning of the establishment.

IN a wild tranquil vale, fring'd with forests of green,
Where nature had fashion'd a soft sylvan scene ;
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaick in silence, roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonish'd the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight ;
Here the wild flow'ret blossom'd, the elm proudly wav'd,
And pure was the current the green banks that lav'd.

But the spirit that rul'd o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fix'd his murky abode,
Who lov'd the rude scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder and lightning and storm ;

All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encounter'd the children of flame ;
While the noise of the war-whoop still rung in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears.

Oh ! deep was the horror, and fierce was the fight,
When the eyes of the red men were shrouded in night ;
When by strangers invaded, by strangers destroy'd,
They ensanguin'd the fields which their fathers enjoy'd.

Lo ! the sons of the forest in terror retire,
Pale savages chase them with thunder and fire ;
In vain whirls the war club, in vain twangs the bow,
With thunder and fire are his warriors laid low.

From defeat and from carnage, the fierce spirit came,
His breast was a tumult his passions were flame ;
Despair swells his heart, fury maddens his ire,
And black scowls his brow o'er his eye balls of fire.

With a glance of disgust he the landscape survey'd,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide waving shade,
Where Passaick meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He riv'd the green hills, the wild woods he laid low,
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow ;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.

A scene of strange ruin, he scatter'd around,
Where cliffs pil'd on cliffs in rude majesty frown'd ;
Where shades of thick horror embrown'd the dark wood,
And the rainbow and mist mark'd the turbulent flood.

Countless moons have since roll'd in the long lapse of time,
Cultivation has soften'd those features sublime ;
The axe of the white man, has lighted the shade,
And dispell'd the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

Yet the stranger still gazes with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high ;
Still loves on the cliffs' dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.

TOBINUS.

EPIGRAM.

IN the reign of Democracy, dead to all shame,
The demons of falsehood infest us ;
Vice and Folly assume Wit and Virtue's fair name,
And the devil himself's call'd *Honestus*. Q.

POLITICAL.

POLITICAL FALSEHOODS.

'The late compliance of England with the *precise* terms offered by our government last August, has very much confused, if not altogether confounded, the arguments of the 'British party in America.' *Patriot, May* 10.

What was offered by our government last August? By the letter of Mr. Pinckney to Mr. Canning, we can discover the answer to this question, and the *veracity* of the writer of the above quoted paragraph, will then be rendered evident. Perhaps he will esteem it one of his 'minor errours.' Be it so; we acknowledge, when compared to the errours of importance which he has made, it is of inferiour consequence indeed; yet it places the two governments of Great-Britain and America, in a light very adverse to the exhibition of the picture which the democrats hold up to our view. Deriving his authority from Mr. Madison more than once expressed, Mr. Pinckney on the 23d of August, made this offer to Mr. Canning, 'to suspend the embargo and its supplements as regarded Great-Britain, in case that nation repealed her orders in Council as respected America.'

This is the simple condition which we offered, unrestricted by any other contingencies. The discussions on the attack upon the Chesapeak were to have been waved, until after the restoration of our commercial intercourse. Great-Britain then refused the offer. But she has now the merit of conducting with great sincerity. Knowing as Mr. Canning did, that the American people were thought-sick of the policy which their government had pursued, he was well aware that they would *at any time* accept a revocation of the orders, upon the simple and unqualified condition which was proposed last year; that indeed this government would seize with avidity the first favourable opportunity to restore the commerce of the country to that vigour of which they had deprived it, to that health which they had nearly destroyed. To comply then with 'the precise terms' which Mr. Pinckney offered last year, it would only have been required of Mr. Canning to tell the American minister that since the '*non-intercourse*' law had placed France and Great-Britain upon terms of equality, in the eye of the world, (which was not the case last August) the British government were now ready to accede to the propositions then made for an accommodation. Is there any doubt that Mr. Pinckney was *authorized* to accept such terms? We venture to assert that the tenour of our official correspondence will warrant us in coming to the conclusion, that he was thus authorized. And the terms of the non-intercourse law itself confirms us in the hypothesis. This authority therefore, being taken for granted, it was manifest that all which Great-Britain had conceded, beyond the limits which that authority implies, is in so far gra-

tuitous and unextorted, is so much to be placed to the account of her candour; and is certainly so far *deviating* from the precise terms proposed by the American government. Now let us see what she has thus had the merits of offering without the least necessity on her part, if our proposals be considered as the line of that necessity.

First, *The sending a special messenger to this country to make an offer of a proper reparation for the Chesapeak aggression*, when she might as easily have made it in England, or (as far as was connected with a restoration of commerce) not have made it at all.

Second. An unexpected offer to send to this country a minister extraordinary to settle a treaty, upon terms mutually satisfactory.

These are proposals greatly beyond our own conditions and expectations; yet we are unblushingly told that the *precise terms* which our government offered last year, are the conditions on which our differences are accommodated; and what is yet more ridiculous, we are informed that the rickety bantling, the embargo, has made a lion crouch, because a few straggling hairs from his mane have been pulled.

'It is probable that the good sense of the English nation would have led them to commission Mr. Rose to negociate upon more favourable terms, had not the communications from the Essex Faction deceived them. The rebellion early excited in Boston against the embargo—the factious votes and resolutions of town meetings—the encouragement given to a violation of the laws—the report and proceedings of the Legislature—the toasts of false patriots and hypocritical priests, at their bacchanalian carousals—all these circumstances urged the ministry to direct Mr. Rose in the tone of his mission.' *Chronicle, May* 8.

This delectable passage is taken from the writings of a political scribler, who styles himself 'The Examiner,' whose palpable ignorance on all subjects of political economy and expedience is only exceeded by the gross perversions of truth, with which his statements are lavishly overspread. The quotation, which we have just made, is a lamentable example of this dangerous propensity to misrepresent the real state of things; to obscure the light of truth, by the shades of falsehood and low cunning. In these few lines take five absolute unblushing falsehoods for granted, in order to arrive at a conclusion which is known by the writer to be equally destitute of truth. Let us take his scurrilous expressions without comment and consider the truth of the facts which they imply. He says the British ministry were urged by the following circumstances, to direct Mr. Rose in the tone of his mission: First. 'The rebellion excited in Boston against the embargo.' Mr. Rose left England before the embargo was known there; and even left Ameri-

ca before news of any proceedings in Boston could have reached Europe. Second. 'The factious votes and resolutions of town meetings.' There was no town meeting on the question of the embargo, until Mr. Rose had closed his mission. Third. 'The encouragement given to the violation of the laws.' From the premises it is morally impossible, that if this infamous assertion were at any time true, it could have come within the knowledge of the English government, that any evasion or encouragement of evasion of the laws could have taken place before the laws themselves were known. Fourth. 'The report and proceedings of the Legislature.' They had hardly arrived in England even by the last accounts. Fifth. 'The toasts and proceedings of false patriots and hypocritical priests, at their bacchanalian carousals.' We really are disgusted with the audacious profligacy, with which this poison is presented to the publick, and have to apologize to our readers for detaining them so long upon—

'These petty arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds,
'The trash of villainy itself:'

A series of glaring falsehoods, which are self-evident to us upon the first perusal. Many honest men however, who do not compare dates, might be deceived with these assertions; and therefore the task of refuting them should be readily undertaken by those who wish to diffuse the light of truth over the minds of the people. We are much mistaken if we suppose that the circulation of wilful falsehood is limited in its influence, in proportion to its turpitude; on the contrary, it will be imbibed as readily as demonstration.

'Neutral property under the protection of a neutral flag, for more than a century previous to the French revolution, was by the publick law of civilized nations, free from the confiscation of belligerents in *all* cases, excepting goods contraband of war, and supplies going into an enemy's port invested by actual blockade.'

In the war of 1756, the following principle was understood between France and Holland, as the existing law of nations; it is the VIIth article of a '*Memoir Instructif*,' presented to the States General by the French minister for their government during the war, and runs thus: 'If the Dutch ships carry any *goods or merchandize of the growth or manufacture* of the enemies of France, they shall be deemed good prize, but the ship shall be discharged.'

Previous to this time, the belligerent 'powers had prohibited the commerce of neutral nations with their enemies totally.'* The French

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* Pamphlet entitled '*The Conduct of Great-Britain, with respect to Great-Britain, during the present war*—1758.

regulation above stated, was not peculiar to France only, but 'other nations have established pretty nearly the same.'*

The controversy which arose between England and Holland in this war of 1756, resulted from some dispute as to the particular treaty then existing between the two nations, and the Dutch refused to admit the principle since called the 'rule of war of 1756,' for which the English contended on the ground that they had '*renounced their rights*,' which '*the French never did*.' But the validity of the principle itself, the Dutch never denied; on the contrary, by the treaty which then existed between Holland and France, the rule of war of 1756 was expressly recognized in these terms: 'Granting to the Dutch a liberty of trading with France, in time of war as they did in time of peace.'†

It appears therefore, that this first proposition, in a piece entitled *The Volunteer* in the Patriot newspaper, is not accurate in point of fact, any more than in point of style. There are ample grounds for defending the neutral rights respecting the colonial trade (which should not be renounced) against the assertions of belligerent powers, without resorting to falsehood or deception. The commercial laws of nations were not remarkably well defined, previous to 1756. There is very little doubt, that the neutral was placed in a very disadvantageous situation at that time; but there is also very little doubt that they were so placed very unjustly. The principle, for which the English contend, respecting the colonial trade, proves too much, and is, we think, from its very nature, easily overturned. We shall probably offer a few considerations on this subject of the neutral trade hereafter, before the new discussions on the treaty shall have commenced; and have only made the foregoing observations upon the topick, to show *how intrinsically corrupt* the party must be, which resorts to falsehood to maintain a point which even their political opponents are willing to admit to be correct.

MISREPRESENTATION.

'Mr. Stephens in his argument contends that the stagnation of British commerce was caused by the Berlin Decree, and not by the Orders in Council. In labouring this point, which appears to be the principal one on which Mr. S. differs from his antagonist, (Mr. Whitbread) he inadvertently introduces us to

"THE BRITISH PARTY IN AMERICA."

Patriot, May 10.

From the exultations of the democrats about the expression, "British party in America," made by Mr. Stephens, they seem to imagine

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* Preamble to the 'Memoire Instructif:' See Gentleman's, Magazine, for 1756-7-8, and Utrecht Gazette, July 8, 1756.

† *Defence of the Dutch West India trade, by a Merchant of Amsterdam.*

that there is really a set of men under the immediate pay and influence of the British ministers. If they are so ready to admit the truth of a single assertion of a gentleman, whose political doctrines have been *almost universally opposed by the Federalists*, we presume they mean to admit the truth of the re-echoed charge of *French influence* and the *French party* in America, which has been so repeatedly made both in France and England. The doctrines of this very Mr. Stephens have been opposed by Mr. Gore, Mr. Pickering, Mr. King, and generally by all those, whom the democrats affect to consider under British pay. They oppose many of his doctrines now. The expression 'British party,' of which he made use, means no more than a party in opposition to the democrats, or French party, whose writings and speeches have breathed nothing but hostility against Great-Britain.

It is strange how singularly some people mistake things merely indifferent. Party spirit will often occasion a man to see any truth in opposition, to him very indistinctly; but it might fairly be supposed, that when the film of political prejudice should be removed, he would recover his sight. Yet the author of the above quotation has mistaken the argument, when he observes that Mr. S. contends 'that the stagnation of British commerce was caused by the Berlin Decree and not by the Orders in Council.' We venture to assert, that Mr. Stephens does not labour a point like this in his whole speech; the drift of his argument is misrepresented by this writer, either from ignorance or some other cause; and if he will take pains to peruse the observations of Mr. Stephens a second time, he will probably discover the mistake he has committed.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

13 A general and correct View of the Prophecies, relative to the Conversion, Restoration, Union, and fnture Glory of the Houses of Judah and Israel; the Progress and final overthrow of the Anti-christian Confederacy in the land of Palestine; and the ultimate general diffusion of Christianity. By the Rev. George Stanley Faber, B. D. Vicar of Stockton, Upon-Tees. Boston, W. Andrews.

14 Eighteen Sermons, preached by the late George Whitfield, A. M. Newburyport, Thomas and Whipple.